

dollars. It was a desperately savage storm. The storm cloud, which seems to have resembled a waterspout, passed through Washington County at a speed of twenty miles an hour, levelling for many miles all barns and houses within a quarter of a mile of its centre. It sawed great trees in two, or twisted them smoothly apart as if they had been sawn. A reporter says it tore a woman asunder. Her head and neck were wrenched off; her body found in one place, her arms in others; one leg was found sticking in the sand. The top of her child's head was blown off. Chickens were found dead literally stripped of their feathers. Houses were lifted from their foundations, sometimes dropping the people through into the cellar, generally carrying them off and killing or wounding them in the crash. Those who saw the whirlwind coming and betook themselves to their cellars were saved. Those who were caught up and whirled about have no conception of the manner in which it was done. They were suddenly borne away and set down again, sometimes with and sometimes without injury; but so suddenly that they had no opportunity to exercise their consciousness. In some cases the clothing was stripped from them. A flock of fifteen hundred sheep, a reporter tells us, were carried up into the vortex and only forty remained alive. The hailstones were in reality blocks of ice. The incidents of the storm are of the most extraordinary kind. Now, during the present immigration season thousands of persons from England and European countries will land on our shores with the intention of proceeding to Iowa and Minnesota to become settlers on the wild lands of the West. To such it may be worth while to point out that the climate of the North-Western States of the Union is of terrible severity; that Minnesota and Iowa are swept by storms which carry destruction and death into the new settlements and lead the immigrant to despair of building for himself a comfortable home; and that Manitoba, the prairie Province of the Dominion, is not only exempt from such disastrous storms, but equally eligible as a field for a large European immigration. The climate of Canada, moreover, according to the best authorities, is generally less severe than that of the North West States of the adjacent Republic—a fact which only requires to be more widely known to lead immigrants to try their fortune in this New Dominion, before leaving British soil to settle in Minnesota or its neighbouring States in the American Republic. Let the immigrants who land on our shores give Canada a fair trial, and they will not easily be induced to leave her borders.—*Montreal Gazette.*

XI. Miscellaneous.

1. CANADA TO THE LAUREATE.

(From Good Words.)

“And that true north, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us, ‘Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends, your love
Is but a burden; loose the bond and go.’
Is this the tone of Empire?”

TENNYSON'S *last Ode to the Queen.*

We thank thee, Laureate, for thy kindly words,
Spoken for us to her to whom we look
With loyal love across the misty sea;
Thy noble words, whose generous tone may shame
The cold and heartless strain that said “Begone,
We want your love no longer; all our aim
Is riches—that your love can not increase!”
Fain would we tell them that we do not seek
To hang dependant like a helpless brood
That, selfish, drag a weary mother down;
For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leaps up, eager, when the danger calls!
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms,
To fight in Britain's quarrel, *not our own,*
And drive the covetous invader back,
Who would not let us, peaceful, keep our own;
So we had cast the *British* name away.
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
For Britain's honour that we deemed our own;
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken, still, the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved and taught their sons to love
As the dear home of freemen, brave and true.
And loving *honour* more than ease or gold!

Well do we love our own Canadian land,
Its breezy lakes, its rivers sweeping wide,
Past stately towns and peaceful villages,
Mid banks begirt with forests to the sea;
Its tranquil homesteads and its lonely woods,

Where sighs the summer breeze through pine and fern.
But well we love, too, Britain's daisied meads,
Her primrose-bordered lanes, her hedgerows sweet,
Her winding streams and foaming mountain becks,
Her purple mountains and her heathery braes,
And towers and ruins, ivy-crowned and grey,
Glistening with song and story as with dew;
Dear to our childhood's dreaming fancy, since
We heard of them from those whose hearts were sore
For home and country left, and left for aye,
That they might mould, in these our western wilds,
New Britains not unworthy of the old.

We hope to live a history of our own—
One worthy of the lineage that we claim;
Yet, as our past is but of yesterday,
We claim as ours, too, that long blazoned roll
Of noble deeds, that blind with golden links
The long dim centuries since King Arthur “passed;”
And we would thence an inspiration draw,
To make our unloved future still uphold
The high traditions of imperial power
That crowned our Britain queen on her white cliffs,
Stretching her sceptre o'er the gleaming waves,
Even beyond the sunset! There were some
Who helped to found our fair Canadian realm,
Who left their cherished homes, their earthly all,
In the fair borders that disowned her sway,
Rather than sever the dear filial tie
That stretched so strong through all the tossing waves,
And came to hew out, in the trackless wild,
New homes where still the British flag should wave.
We would be worthy them and worthy thee,
Our old ideal Britain, generous, true—
The helper of the helpless. And, perchance,
Seeing thyself in our revering eyes
May keep thee worthier of thine ancient name
And power among the nations. Still we would
Believe in thee, and strive to make our land
A brighter gem to light the royal crown
Whose lustre is thy children's—is *our own.*

CANADENSIS.

2. REASONABLENESS OF PRAYER.

During the deliberations of the American Convention relative to the constitution of the United States, Dr. Franklin introduced a motion for prayers, with the following important observation:—
“The small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attendance, and our different sentiments on almost every question, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern states all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances. In this situation, groping as it were in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection; our prayers were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favour. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we need no longer His assistance? I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing are the proofs of this truth, that “God governs in the affairs of men.” And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured in the sacred writings, that “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build.” I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without this concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. I therefore beg leave to move—“That henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessings upon our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.”